

## our house (in the middle of our street) by hippocampers

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**Summary:**

"I bet your mom and dad aren't like that. They're cool."

Dustin shrugs. "Yeah, but sometimes I'd prefer yours. I mean, ours is a mess, and my mom never makes cookies."

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Dustin visits Lucas' house before they meet up with the others.

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“Hi, Mr. Sinclair, is Lucas in, please?” Dustin flashes his trademark grin, and Lucas’ dad smiles and nods.

“I’ll call him down now. Did you want to come in for a while to wait? I’m pretty sure Sandra has just baked some cookies.”

Cookies, as ever, are the dealbreaker, and Dustin enters happily, propping up his bike against the front of the Sinclairs’ house. It’s a pretty nice house; large in comparison to his own small home, but it’s a little empty. Growing up with four siblings makes Lucas’ one-child residence seem like a ghost town to Dustin. He’s not sure if he’d trade, should he have the chance.

He slips off his shoes – another rule foreign to him; his mom and dad are so used to mess at this point that they don’t try and prevent it, but the Sinclair house is like a showhome – before padding into the kitchen diner, where Lucas’ mom is just setting down a plate of still-warm cookies and a glass of juice. She greets him with a smile, gesturing for him to take one. Dustin doesn’t need to be asked twice.

“Hello, Dustin. How are you?”

“I’m good, thanks, Mrs. Sinclair. These cookies are excellent, as always! The best batch yet!”

The woman laughs, though she seems pleased with the complement. “You say that every time, young man.” It’s true, he does. And he pretty much means it. Mrs. Sinclair is a great cook. He guesses she has the time; his mom never bakes, usually too busy making actual meals for him and the younger boys, or at work. His dad baked a cake for little Jack’s birthday one time, but it was so crunchy with egg-shell that he’s never tried again.

Dustin sips his juice, and munches on his cookie contentedly. It’s not long before he hears Lucas head down the stairs and into the kitchen, eyes similarly lighting up at the sight of snacks.

“Hey, Dustin,” he greets his friend, before reaching to grab a cookie

himself.

“Plate, please, Lucas,” Mrs. Sinclair chides gently from her place at the sink, where she is washing dishes with an intensity Dustin himself reserves for science homework.

“Sorry, mom,” Lucas rolls his eyes good-naturedly at Dustin, who grins back. “Where’s the rest of the gang? Mike didn’t radio.”

“Yeah, Mrs. Wheeler took him shopping straight after school. He said he’d be back about four thirty, so I figured we could go to Will’s for a bit, then head to Mike’s,” Dustin says through a mouthful of crumbs. He catches the falling debris with his plate before it makes a mess.

“Cool,” Lucas nods, finishing up the last of his snack and juice. Dustin does the same; he’s eaten three cookies in the space of Lucas eating one, but he reasons that since he doesn’t get fresh baked goods at home, this is an acceptable treat. “I’m gonna grab my shoes from upstairs – meet you out front?”

“Sure,” Dustin nods, and rises. He grabs the plate, and takes them to the sink. “Want me to wash these, Mrs. Sinclair?” He offers to clean up every time, but every time, Mrs. Sinclair smiles and refuses, preferring to do so herself. She’s grateful for the offer though; not all guests here are as courteous. She does have a certain fondness for Dustin. There’s just something charming about his quirky smile and warm nature. She likes all of the boys – though not having them all in the house at once – but should she have to pick, Dustin would be her favourite of her son’s friends.

“That’s quite alright. You two be safe now, okay?” Sandra smiles at him, patting his shoulder as she takes the plate. He nods, before heading out down the hall, calling his goodbyes to her husband as he goes.

Dustin slips his shoes back on, not bothering to fix the laces, and unlatches the door, waiting outside for Lucas, who soon reappears with sneakers and a cap for good measure. “Bye, mom. Bye, dad,” he calls.

“Don’t be back late, son,” Mr. Sinclair responds. “And if it’s dark, ask

Karen to call us, okay?"

"I will!" Lucas shuts the door behind him, and fetches his own bike. "Sorry. Mom and dad are a bit... touchy since Will."

"It's cool, man, mine too," Dustin nods. They pedal slowly, keeping side-by-side to talk as they head to Will's house.

"And the whole clean thing is so annoying," Lucas rolls his eyes, putting on a falsetto for an impression of his mother. "*'Plate, Lucas. Coaster, Lucas. Don't sit on the cushions, Lucas.'* I bet your mom and dad aren't like that. They're cool."

Dustin shrugs. "Yeah, but sometimes I'd prefer yours. I mean, ours is a mess, and my mom never makes cookies. And they're worried about me and stuff, they love me, but... well, they're always a bit busy to give me as much attention as they do the kids." He doesn't generally feel disdain for his younger siblings, but when his mom is fighting with his sister, chasing after the twins, and fussing over the baby, while his dad works pretty much non-stop, Dustin can't help but feel a bit neglected sometimes. On days when he feels like this, he thinks how cool it must be to be the sole focus of your parents.

"Yeah, but at least you're not lonely all the time. And your house is nice, it feels like a *home*, not a model house or something," Lucas responds. He, too, longs for a different life sometimes. He knows his parents struggled to have kids, and feels a bit guilty when he wishes for a little sister or a big brother to keep him company some days. He thinks it would be nice to live at Dustin's, where there's always a sibling or three to hang around with.

Dustin frowns. "Hey, if you're ever lonely, you're always welcome at ours. You know that." He might not miss the mess and noise, but Dustin knows he's lucky to have a big family who love him.

"Thanks, man. Same for you. I mean, if you ever need peace and quiet, or home-baked cookies, just come over," Lucas smiles a bit. While he wouldn't hate not having to keep his room immaculate all the time, he wouldn't trade his mom and dad for the world. "My mom loves you. Says she wishes I was more like you."

“Mine says that about you!” Both boys laugh at this, enough to slow them down a bit. “Parents are so ungrateful.”

“Ugh, I know. My dad never appreciates it when I tell him about our campaigns. Like, he just seems so bored of it-“

“I tried to tell my brothers but they’re just the same-“

“We definitely need to teach them to play-“

They reach Will’s house later than expected, but neither boy minds. They rarely spend time just the two of them. Dustin thinks they should do it more often, and secretly, Lucas does too.

### **Author's Note:**

Dustin and Lucas are bros, definitely.

Title is from Our House, by Madness.

I can be found on [tumblr](#) and prompt/comments make me a cheery being. All my love! <3

(Also I don't really like this one, so please let me know if it was too long etc. I feel like my writing has hit a plateau so constructive criticism would be helpful <3)